

# The Times-Democrat.

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## FLOOD OF TELEGRAMS.

Congratulatory Messages Pour in on Major McKinley.

## THE WIRES ARE KEPT HOT.

Mark Hanna Sends a Modest Jolly—Governor Morton Reminds McKinley of an Old-Time Prediction. Scenes at Canton.

CANTON, O., June 19.—Within a few moments of the announcement of the nomination telegrams poured in and within a half hour they were numbered by hundreds, coming from all parts of America. One of the first to be received was from the Marquette club of Chicago, whose guest Governor McKinley.



JUBILANT MCKINLEY MEN.

It was last February and at whose banquet he made his last public political address. At that time the Marquette club prided itself that they had entertained General Harrison just prior to his nomination, naming him as the coming nominee, and they wrote him within a few seconds after the result was known.

Hot Mark Hanna's modest announcement was simply this:

One was nominated you. I congratulated you.

One of the earliest dispatches to arrive was from Governor Morton of New York, who wired from Rhinebeck, N. Y., as follows:

Gen. William McKinley, Canton, O.—You may recall my remark in 1870 as we sat by side in the house of representatives, but I expected some day to see you president of the United States. Please accept today my hearty congratulations.

Louisiana Sugar Exchange, through its secretary, D. D. Colcock, wired from New Orleans:

Nomination enthusiastically received. Cheering on the floor vociferous. Go in and win.

Harry G. Selfridge of Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, telegraphed:

Accept sincere congratulations upon your nomination for president. Your victory and upon dignified manner in which it has been won.

Ex-Superintendent of the United States census Dr. Porter, just returned from Japan, wired:

Since 1881 I have looked forward to to-day.

Governor Bushnell's private secretary wired from Columbus:

The members of the governor's cabinet sent me a telegram of congratulations to the next president.

L. E. Holden, proprietor and editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, telegraphed:

Mrs. Holden joins in congratulating you for your nomination for the presidency.

AT MCKINLEY'S HOME.

Good Old Mother Heard the News With Joy.

CANTON, O., June 19.—It was a few seconds after the huge city fire alarm sounded on the 4th consecutive time that a huge parade of 15,000 soldiers and fellow-citizens formed by prearrangement in front of the courthouse, escorted by three companies of militia under Captain Harry Freese, with several bands and drum corps, paraded up Market street to Governor McKinley's home on the hill.

The same click that notified Governor McKinley of his nomination over the Associated Press wire set the fire alarm going. A score of Governor and Mrs. McKinley's personal friends had extended their congratulations before the parade reached the house.

These included Dr. T. H. Phillips, Harriet Halstead, General Hastings of St. Paul, a fellow soldier comrade on President Hayes' staff, John Russell Young, Dr. Fullerton of Columbus, George B. Freese, Captain Heistand, Samuel Saxton, Julius Whiting and others. The scene on the parade to the McKinley home was one of wildest enthusiasm. Batteries of artillery started with the nomination signal to fire 100 rounds. When the nominating speeches began the blare of trumpets was heard, calling the militia and old soldiers to fall in line ready for the march.

Major Rice had ordered the police patrol to report so as to avoid confusion as much as possible. Before the parade had covered a half dozen blocks to the McKinley home, as if by magic the center of the city and line of march was a panorama of flags, testimonies and decorations of all buildings. Mr. Freese, a lawyer and prominent manufacturer, who had been chosen by the citizens, committed to deliver a congratulatory address, made a pleasing speech as follows:

MAJOR MCKINLEY.—Your neighbors and townsmen wish to be first to congratulate you upon your nomination to the highest office within the gift of the people. None are more pleased than these neighbors here assembled than this honor is deserved. These were the first to witness the beginning of your public career. They now quit your academic studies, with the ardor of youth and bravery beyond your years, to devote your services to your country.

There was a sea of faces for blocks

about, and after a whirlwind of applause had greeted ex-Governor McKinley, he responded as follows:

MR. JONES AND FRIENDS, CANTON.—I sincerely honored by this demonstration. It is a natural character for a political demonstration to spread only a tame graft of nameless independence to your address and can gratify.

I am not indifferent to the pleasure excited by the news received. I for days your interest has been centered upon St. Louis and your brethren in such vast numbers due to your personal good will as well as your gratification with the work there done. Your cordial assurances are all the more appreciated by me because they come from my fellow citizens, men of all parties, my old neighbors, former constituents and my old army comrades with whom I have lived almost a lifetime and who have honored me ever and over again with important offices and positions of trust. I am grateful to you all for your kind words.

I am not always satisfied with me, nor I with myself, touching political questions. But it is as easy as look into your face to realize that in all the years that past the relation between a honest man and you have with held from me your friendship, your acquaintance and your confidence. You have always been most generally loyal, and my party is not to be gratified to you.

I am not a good man, nor a good citizen, but I am the best I can be. I am not a man who has been particularly blessed. Never were neighbors more devoted or more unselfish in their support than you have been to me.

You have always made my cause your cause, and my home among you has been one of increasing pleasure. This county and any are very dear to me. Here I have spent 20 of my young manhood, and I have been identified with this magnificent country for nearly a third of a century. I have followed its growth with interest and pride, and have had much satisfaction that has kept pace with the most advanced and progressive communities and has fallen behind in no

one. I am glad to greet you here. You have never failed to greet me with your best wishes and congratulations upon every occasion of my nomination to a public office, commencing 20 years ago, when I was first named by my party for congress.

I can not undertake to estimate the value of these many demonstrations, so hopeful, so stimulating, more than you could have anticipated, believed in them. You are a man of great personal ability and I thank you for the bottom of my heart for what you have said, expressive of the feelings of those for whom you speak. This latest evidence of your esteem makes me more than ever indispensible to you and the happy memory of your kindness and confidence will abide with me forever.

In the McKinley home, whence

chief charm is its refreshing simplicity,

and standing in the various parlors were Major McKinley's most intimate friends. Many shed tears of joy when the news was received that Mr. McKinley's nomination had been made unanimous.

Among those present were Mrs. William McKinley, Sr., the governor's mother, Miss Helen McKinley, Miss Grace McKinley, Mrs. Myron T. Herrick of Cleveland, Mrs. H. O. S. Heistand, Mrs. John N. Taylor, Miss Eva Phillips, Mrs. George B. Freese, Mrs. W. R. Day, Mrs. W. K. Miller, Dr. Phillips, Miss Tadie A. Miller.

ALONZO WALLING IS FOUND GUILTY.

The Jury Returns a Verdict on Short Deliberation.

NEWPORT, Ky., June 19.—The jury in the Walling case returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced him to hang.

He's a Bad, Very Bad Man.

BURNA VISTA, O., June 19.—Ellsworth McGray, 20, living on Upper Twin creek, five miles east, was arrested and taken to jail for shooting at a neighbor, Tom Hodges. Two years ago he shot his own brother, and only a few days ago he was released from the penitentiary, where he was served 18 months for cutting with Hodges almost to pieces.

A Wedding and a Funeral.

PORTSMOUTH, O., June 19.—L. D. McKinley, the prominent octogenarian who will attend his own funeral at Fallen Timber, this county, has decided to take unto himself a wife at the same time. The funeral will occur in the morning and the wedding will follow at once. The name of the prospective wife is not disclosed.

ON THE DIAMOND.

The Great National Game is Played Yesterday.—The Standing.

CLUB. W. L. P. C. CLUB. W. L. P. C.

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Baltimore 18 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Pittsburgh 24 23 23 23 23 23 23 23 23

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New York 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20

Philadelphia 29 29 29 29 29 29 29 29 29

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Montgomery 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Al BROWNSKILL—R. E. BROWNSKILL

New York 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Baltimore—Kennedy and Grinn; Meekin and Cunneen—Henderson.

AT CLEVELAND—R. E. CLEVELAND

Cleveland 1 0 0 1 2 2 2 2 2

Chicago 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Baltimore—Young and Zimmerman, Terry and Donoughue—Lynch.

AT PITTSBURGH—R. E. PITTSBURGH

Pittsburgh 0 5 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

St. Louis 0 1 0 3 1 0 0 0 0

Baltimore—Hawley and Merritt; Breerton and McFarland; Unspire—Wendham.

AT BALTIMORE—R. E. BALTIMORE

Baltimore 2 1 2 0 1 0 0 0 0

Philadelphia 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Baltimore—McMahon and Robinson; Taylor and Clement—Unspire—Hurst.

AT WASHINGTON—R. E. WASHINGTON

Washington 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Baltimore—Hawley and Merritt; Breerton and McFarland; Unspire—Wendham.

AT NEW YORK—R. E. NEW YORK

New York 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Baltimore—Hawley and Merritt; Breerton and McFarland; Unspire—Wendham.

AT CHICAGO—R. E. CHICAGO

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AT BOSTON—R. E. BOSTON

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Baltimore—Hawley and Merritt; Breerton and McFarland; Unspire—Wendham.

AT PORT WADDEY—R. E. PORT WADDEY

Port Waddey 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Baltimore—Hawley and Merritt; Breerton and McFarland; Unspire—Wendham.

AT NEW YORK—R. E. NEW YORK

New York 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Baltimore—Hawley and Merritt; Breerton and McFarland; Unspire—Wendham.

AT CINCINNATI—R. E. CINCINNATI

Cincinnati—Winkler, Salton Clappot, Irish

Lady, Buck Massie, Judge Donny.

AT KANSAS CITY—R. E. KANSAS CITY

Kansas City—Sarah Ann, Gray Parlor,

Dutch Arrow, Wild Taylor, Jim Baker, Miss Rose.

AT ST. LOUIS—R. E. ST. LOUIS

St. Louis—Sudduth, Outaway, Tradition,

Muscalonge, Gath, Lord Zeta.

AT DETROIT—R. E. DETROIT

Detroit—T. J. Murphy, T. J. Murphy.

AT DETROIT—R. E. DETROIT

DETROIT—T. J. Murphy, T. J. Murphy.

AT CLEVELAND—R. E. CLEVELAND

Cleveland—T. J. Murphy, T. J. Murphy.

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AT CLEVELAND—R. E. CLEVELAND

Cleveland—T. J. Murphy, T. J. Murphy.

AT CLEVELAND—R. E. CLEVELAND

## DETAILS OF DISASTER.

The Awful Story of the Sinking of Drummond Castle.

## STEAMER GOING FULL SPEED.

The Steamer & Deck, Ripped From Stem to Stern, and Then sank to the Water — Only Three Men Saved.

BAYE, France, June 19.—The details are slowly being obtained of the loss of the Castle liner Drummond Castle, bound from Cape Town to London with 120 passengers and 100 officers and men. The steamer was going at full speed shortly before midnight on Tuesday, June 18, heading around Finisterre from the bay of Biscay, and making for the chop of the British channel. Off Finisterre is the Island of Ushant, about 20 miles northwest of this port, one of a group of some thirty islands, the largest of which are Ushant, Mohe, LeConquet and St. Michel.

The Drummond Castle, to steer a safe course, should have been away outside of Ushant, upon which island is a light house and signal station. But for some reason not satisfactorily explained the steamer, headed inside of Ushant. Between that point and the mainland of France is a line of islands, including Mohe and Le Conquet, and connected by ridges of rock with each other. At different places there are rifts through which vessels can pass with safety, but between Ushant and Mohe, the latter island being about half way to the mainland, is a sunken reef of rocks, with deep water on both sides of it and covered in parts even at the lowest tide. It was on this reef that the Drummond Castle struck while going at full speed.

As intimated the steamer must have struck so as to rear a big rent in her bottom from stem to stern thus filling all water tight compartments almost immediately and sending her to the bottom on the other side of the reef in about three minutes. Only two boats were lowered after the Castle liner struck. One of these capsized and only three men were saved out of the 247 people on board. The British second class cruiser Svele, which was off Ushant at the time of the disaster, heard the signals of distress and sent boats to the rescue of those on board the sinking vessel, but without avail.

Of the saved, two men were picked up fearing on wreckage by some fishermen from the main land, and the third, a man named Marquart, succeeded in reaching Mohe Island. About 10 bodies have already been recovered off Ushant.

At the time the Drummond Castle struck the reef a high southwest wind was blowing, and it was raining and foggy, about the worst conditions possible for approaching that part of the coast.

Marquart, one of the survivors, has made a statement in which he says that Captain Pierce had just gone to his cabin for a brief rest when there was a terrible shock which caused the Drummond Castle to quiver as if shaken by a dynamic explosion. This was followed by a terrible, crackling, rushing sound, the noise of inrushing water, the cries of the passengers, who sprang from their berths in terror, and the sharp words of command from the officers on the deck who ordered all hands to clear away the boats for lowering.

But the rents in the stricken steamer were so wide and deep that but few of the passengers had time to scramble up on deck before she gave two or three heavy rolls and the air awful burst, accompanied by some interior explosions and she sank. Marquart, contrary to the two seamen of the Drummond Castle who were rescued, said that the steamer went down so suddenly that there was no time even to launch one boat, much less two, and even if a boat had been launched the seas were running so heavy and in such rapid succession, a peculiarity of the seas on that part of the French coast, that she would have been promptly swamped.

Some of the passengers, however, succeeded in fastening life belts around them, and some of the bodies washed ashore were so provided.

All hope of finding any more survivors of the Drummond Castle has been abandoned.

## PECULIAR DAMAGE SUIT.

Student Nichols Seeks Redress For an Arrest In Michigan.

COLUMBUS, O., June 19.—The suit of John L. Nichols against Harry Corns and Patrick Kelly, chief of police, for \$10,000 damages, began before a judge in Judge Pugh's room. The plaintiff claims to have suffered damages in the amount named by reason of false imprisonment. Corns' house was robbed of \$300. Nichols, who was a student at the State University and roomed at the Corns residence, was suspected. He was located at Houghton, Mich., and Superintendent Kelly ordered that Nichols be placed under arrest by the Michigan authorities. The case was not prosecuted and Nichols was released. A peculiar feature is that the imprisonment was in another state.

Boy Attacked by Mad Dog.

MARINETTA, O., June 19.—A dog having all the symptoms of hydrophobia entered the country place of ex-Representative Al Curtis, who lives a few miles below this city, and attacked his son Harry. The young man had a stick in his hand at the time and succeeded in beating the animal off without being bitten. The dog escaped and savagely attacked another boy living on the same farm, lacerating his arm seriously, but was afterward driven to bay and killed in the cellar of Mr. Curtis.

Suicide or Murder.

CINCINNATI, June 19.—The body of an unknown white man was taken from the river near Leavenworth station. The throat was cut from ear to ear. Coroner Haerr was notified at once and will make a careful investigation. The body was found by Levi Fox, a Kentucky fisherman.

Cash at Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—The statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, \$285,461; gold reserve, \$103,517,105.

## HUNGARY'S MILLENNIUM.

Some Parts About the Expedition Now Being Held in Budapest.

One thousand years ago, after long and painful wranglings, the Hungarians constituted themselves as a distinct European nation, and it is to commemorate the great event of 896 in the national life that the present exhibition is being held.

The exhibition, which, it is estimated, has cost, in round figures, about 4,000,000 dollars, comprises two principal sections—an devoted to historical documents and relics, either original or reproduced, and the other devoted to modern arts and sciences as they are found today in Hungary. In this latter section a special display will be made of everything relating to education, modern Hungarian literature and science, hygiene, commerce, finances, agriculture, forestry, mining, machinery, shipping, architecture, woodwork, pottery, glass, textile industries, printing, working in gold and silver, chemical products, food, ethnography and the military service.

There is in the exposition a great variety of buildings, and almost all of them are well worth seeing. To the foreigner they will be especially attractive, since they will tell him more in one day about Hungarian life and customs than he could learn by months of traveling or years of study. Hungary and, above all, Hungarian village life, are full of interest, and nowhere in the exposition will the scholar as well as the dilettante find quite as much pleasure as he will in these quaint and curious buildings.

The principal idea of the exhibition is to show the history of Hungary for the past 1,000 years. There is no other European country which has gone through more vicissitudes and changes than the land of Magyars in that long period, so that the survey can hardly fail to be interesting to all nations. In the grounds are buildings of every style represented in Hungary and Transylvania, being copies of castles, palaces, cathedrals, mansions and peasant dwellings, each of them of full dimensions, with the original decorations. They furnish an architectural study in the styles of the different centuries, especially the last five, such as no other exhibition up to the present time has ever afforded.

Among these structures may be mentioned the exact reproduction of the castle of Vajda Hunyad in Transylvania, erected in the fourteenth century, which vies with the palace of the time of Maria Theresa and with the Abbey of St. Jakob, the oldest Romanesque church in Hungary. The historical building is filled with art treasures, not only in gold and other metals, but in glass, wood and stone, from the chief churches, monasteries and palaces of Hungary, and thus presents a unique opportunity for studying the influence of eastern upon Christian art.—New York Herald.

## RUINED BY A STRIKE.

The Flight of a Laboring Man Who at One Time Had a Salary of \$8,000 a Year.

The story of Richard Reese (or Rees), the counterfeiter who was arrested near Los Angeles recently, is a tragic example of the mutability of human affairs. Reese has seen but two years less than half a century of life. His training was that of a mechanic. He is not a man skillful with hands alone, but one who works with both hands and brain. When U. S. Grant was running for president years ago, there was a big political celebration in Chicago. Grant was there, and Reese rode in his carriage as a representative of the laboring classes, proclaimed by his fellows the most skillful mechanic in all America.

As the years went by the man's reputation grew and increased. At last he obtained a place in one of the great shops at Homestead, Pa. Eventually he rose to be foreman, with a salary of \$8,000 a year. Then came the great Homestead strike, which brought ruin and death to so many men. Reese was infected with the labor doctrine then prevailing. When the struggle was over, Reese was a ruined man. His place was lost and a reputation established as a man who could not be relied on in a strike.

Reese came to California. He came to Los Angeles some months ago, expecting to obtain a position as foreman of the rolling mill. There was some hitch, and in consequence Reese obtained only a subordinate position. He was not content with this. There was a dispute and Reese's connection with the mill ended.

Reese got very poor indeed, and poverty drove him to crime. He put his skill as a mechanic to the evil use of making bogus money. He declares he has been engaged in the nefarious business but a few months, meaning to save enough money to buy a little home for himself and to get another start. That accomplished, he had vowed to live an honest life again.—Los Angeles Times.

## GREAT QUESTION SOLVED.

How to Diffuse Happiness Among the Masses — in England.

The great social problem of the age — how to diffuse happiness among the masses — has been solved in England. On Thursday the whole island was delirious with joy. "The vast crowds, with hats and sticks in air, invaded the course and turned with one smiling, happy, radiant face toward the royal box and delivered such volleys of cheer as never before and probably never again will be heard."

Similar scenes were repeated at all the theaters, at the Stock Exchange, at the military tournament, in parliament, and wherever else a crowd was gathered. Thus we learn the gratifying truth that no revolutionary schemes of social reform are needed to make the British masses happy. All that is necessary is to let the Prince of Wales win a horse race.—New York Journal.

## Suicide or Murder.

CINCINNATI, June 19.—The body of an unknown white man was taken from the river near Leavenworth station. The throat was cut from ear to ear. Coroner Haerr was notified at once and will make a careful investigation. The body was found by Levi Fox, a Kentucky fisherman.

Cash at Washington.

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## ROSSETTI'S STRANGE WOODS.

The Poet's Clever Friend says Even a Brother Was Miced.

I still hope to fulfill my promise to Dante Gabriel Rossetti that I would when the right time should come, give a picture of him as he appeared to a friend who loved him very dearly and had every reason to do so, a friend to whom, as Mr. Hall Caine eloquently says, "he unlocked the most sacred secrets of his heart." And I will here so far anticipate the account I hope to give of him as to say that I shall be able, and honestly able, to paint a much more cheerful picture of him than any that has yet been painted.

All those who have written about him, including his brother, have written candidly and lovingly except in one instance, and the fact is that for certain reasons which I shall be able to make clear when I come to write about him it was impossible during the latter period of Rossetti's life for them to see the more cheerful side of his character that was revealed to me—impossible for them to know what a delightful companion he was even at his worst moments. There were periods between 1872 and 1882 when, as I said in my article upon him in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, he and I spent many hours together almost every day and when he rarely saw even so affectionate a brother as Mr. W. M. Rossetti and so devoted a friend as Madox Brown—when, in short, for many weeks at a stretch he saw scarcely any face but mine.

The truth is that there was in him a sort of willfulness of the spoiled child—unreasonable and to me unaccountable—which impelled him, except when alone with me, to assume that gloom and that air of the misanthrope which deceived even his brother. And the only excuse—if, indeed, there be one—for the dressing asperities which disfigure my old friend Bell Scott's mention of him in his autobiography is to be found in this fantastic whim, so painful to many a friend and so cruelly unjust to himself.

Mr. William Rossetti's simple and noble passion for exactitude of statement may possibly have in some cases caused him to forget that in depicting a complex personality like that of his brother any given fact should not be presented as isolated, but as being only one among a thousand other facts, whose function is to explain it, give it tone, and, indeed, largely govern it. Biography, however, is the most difficult of all forms of literary art, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti has given us a book that will be prized.

Nevertheless what he says about his brother having a sharp eye for a bargain has actually but perhaps inevitably been so misunderstood in some quarters that Rossetti, who was generosity incarnate, has been characterized as a man of mercenary impulses. Why, among all the men I have ever known, he was one of the most generous. He would give away what he needed for himself, and, as to rivalry, he could not take a more passionate interest in his friends' work than ever he took in his own. All this, however, I shall set right some day, unless death should be so cruel as to close my mouth before the time has fully come for me to speak. This indeed is the only terror that death has for me now.—Theodore Wells Dunton in London Spectator.

## The Vegetarian Faddist.

The vegetarian faddist ventilates his theory in twisting anthropological data. If man was once a monkey and the monkey climbed trees, then man is still the only climbing animal. Ergo, since fish swim and the first living creatures were possibly aquatic, that is the reason why man can swim today. The monkey eats fruit and nuts; therefore man runs counter to his nature when he devours mutton chops. If man is in the primitive age next a mastodon, providing he could kill it, that does not prove, says the crank, that raw or singed mastodon was a wholesome or a necessary diet. Because a chimpanzee will take toddy and smoke a pipe that does not show that he likes rum or tobacco. It is a vicious habit, and the monkey has been ruined by his associations with man. Do not dogs thrive on biscuits and cats on catnip? There is the New Zealand parrot that has degraded itself by showing a liking for sheep's kidneys. Man, says our faddist, when he eats meat, is degrading himself and departing from his original dainty anthropoid ape ancestor.—New York Times.

## Anxious to Reform.

"So," said the philosopher, "you want the price of a meal?"

"That's what I want," replied the mendicant.

"Are you aware of the fact that people nowadays devote altogether too much attention to what they eat? They think too much about food."

"Mebbe they do. I'm willin', fer one, ter quit thinkin' about it. All I wan't is ter be lep' from bein' reminded of it so long before I get any."—Washington Star.

## SALADS AND THEIR MAKING.

Salads Which Must Be Chopped If Success Is to be Assured.

The most important part of a salad is the dressing, and the ingredient in the dressing about which one should be the most particular is the vinegar. True, one must have good oil, but "first get your vinegar" is a rule always to be observed in the preparation of a salad dressing, and let it be the right sort or your dressing will be poor.

The reason why one can always get a better salad in a cheap Parisian cafe than can be obtained in the best of our hotels and restaurants is simply that in Paris, and, indeed, all over France, they use the purest and best of olive oil, tarragon, malt and wine vinegar.

The alleged cider vinegar of America is rarely fit for use, and the white wine vinegar, which is a sort of mixture of wood alcohol and sulphuric acid, is detestable.

A salad well prepared often forms the best part of a dinner. The French dressing for green salads and mayonnaise for meat, fish and other heavy salads is the rule.

In making a plain French dressing always use at least two kinds of vinegar—tarragon and French malt—and, if it can be obtained, use the third sort—pure cider vinegar—thus giving a subtle, delicious flavor to a salad that one sort of vinegar never imparts.

One cannot always follow the same rule in making a dressing for different salads. For example, tomatoes or cucumbers require more salt than lettuce and other green salads except water cress, where still more salt is needed. A dash of English mustard is a great improvement in a dressing for a tomato salad.

Never pour the dressing over a green salad, but put it in the bottom of the bowl and lay the leaves lightly on top of it and mix with a wooden fork and spoon just before serving.

To make a French dressing put the salt and pepper in the bottom of the bowl first; then add the vinegar and stir till salt is dissolved. After that add the oil. The relative proportions must depend largely upon what sort of salad it is to be dressed. For lettuce, romaine, chicory, dandelion, fetticus and escarole use three spoonfuls of oil to two of vinegar and one-sixth as much black pepper as salt. For onion, potato, water cress and tomato salads use equal parts of oil and vinegar and almost double the amount of salt used for the first named greens. When green peppers are used, put no pepper in the dressing.

For lettuce add to a salt-spoonful of salt one-sixth of a salt-spoonful of black pepper, put it in an ice cold salad bowl and pour over them one dessertspoonful each of tarragon, pure cider and French malt vinegars. Rub the bowl, of boxwood, salad spoon and the tines of a boxwood fork with a crushed clove of garlic. Stir the vinegar with the fork till the salt is dissolved, then pour four dessertspoonfuls of oil in the salad bowl; mix all together with the salad spoon for one minute. Shake the lettuce leaves gently free from the ice water in which they have been laying and arrange them in the bowl so that they look like a full blown rose. Keep the bowl in the refrigerator till the moment before serving. Then gently mix the dressing with the leaves, using the garlic flavored spoon and fork.—New York Recorder.

## Stringing Fish.

Fred J. Wells tells about the proper way to string fish for keeping them alive in the water.

The ordinary way of stringing black bass or other fish is to take a four foot piece of chalkline, a crossbar of wood the size of a pencil at either end, and, as fast as the fish are taken, they are put on the line by shoving one of the sticks up through the gills and out of the mouth. That method plays havoc with the gills of the fish and very often the fish dies in the water, where it should have lived for a considerable period.

The way Wells does is to have a light chain, instead of a chalkline, 4 feet long, and a bar at one end to keep the fish from slipping off. A heavy piece of wire is attached to the other end and sharpened so that it may be passed through the lower jaw from the outside and out of the mouth. The advantages of this method are apparent. The fish's breathing apparatus is not injured, and it lives for a long while, thereby keeping hard and palatable. The chain is a much cleaner stringer, since it may be boiled at the end of each trip, and so thoroughly cleaned.—New York Sun.

## Which Did They Do?

The hostess hunted up the host and whispered to him anxiously:

"The reception's a dead failure. Everybody is sitting as mute as a statue. Nobody is talking to anybody else."

"What do you suggest?" he asked in reply. "Shall we get some one to play the piano or shall we start a few games of whist?"—Detroit Free Press.

## A TIGER HUNT IN INDIA.

Date of a Guide Who Did a Foolhardy Thing in the Jungle.

In Ootacamund Dr. J. H. Porter describes his Indian guide, who showed him a tiger's lair, as a lean, black, wolflike man whose name was Sikunder Singh, who was a monomaniac about tigers.

There are said to be stylish tigers and others not stylish. The lordly tiger is the man-eater. He is at once the hero and the aristocrat of the race, and where he roams the cattle killer must be silent, for the man-eater, though sprung from the lowly ranks of wild beast hunters and risen through the middle class of cattle killers, brooks not the boasting in the roar of an inferior. It is in the absence of cattle during droughts that the cattle killer turns to man-flesh. He fears men, but will not become a man-hunter again. The pride of the race is against it.

When the tiger has killed a steer and fed thereon, he goes to where the karinda grows thick and lies in the mulch, lazy with the meat in him and sleeping lightly. It is here, as he takes his nap, that the hunters find him. It is the hunter's desire to have his tiger fight, to turn and charge the ones who seek his handsome pelt, but Dr. Porter's tiger knew better. "Stripes" bolted, and, with cool judgment, sneaked from place to place, like a still hunter, aided by a coat which in the jungles, is protectively colored, and away he went on the gully, galloping like a horse, his soft paws making no sound. A stifling cloud of dust arose from the brittle grass, raised by the trampling elephants. The deadly Indian sun beat down and turned the landscape black in the eyes of some of the less hardy ones.

In the shade, which was soon reached, a troop of monkeys showed the way. A tiger can hide anywhere, and in heavy cover one must look, as for a needle in a haystack, far and near. The tiger was found at last in









EVERY DOT

IS A

PORE

IF A  
PORE  
BECOMES  
CLOGGEDInflammation  
and Irritation  
set in causing

PIMPLES

Blisters, blackheads, blemishes, and

falling hair. The only preventive is

CUTICURA SOAP

because the only preventive of inflammation

and clogging of the pores.

See advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

Purified Soap. Sold throughout the world.

Porter Bros. &amp; Co., New York, Boston,

and New Haven, Conn.

Send for "House Prevent and Banish" free.

Miss Leonard Breaks a Record.

Miss Alice Leonard, daughter of the late Captain Henry R. Leonard of Hopkins street, this city, carries on from the McMicken university this month honors never before won by a young woman in the history of the university. It is the custom for the four pupils whose standing is highest for the four years to deliver an oration at the commencement exercises. Heretofore the palm has always gone to the "uni boys," but the record has been broken by Miss Leonard, whose standing is second in the four victories. Miss Leonard is a most unassuming girl, and although she felt sure that diligent study would reward her with a record note to be ashamed of the announcement of her success was a great surprise to her.

Miss Leonard took the gold medal for excellence in mathematics when she graduated from Hughes High school in June, 1892.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tight Sleeves.

The latest development of French fashion shows a tight sleeve banded with strips of embroidery insertion, or narrow, rich gimp, revealing the arm to nearly the entire length of it. At the top of the sleeve is a double puff set in at the armhole. It is not a large full puff, and frequently it is looped up at the shoulder point to show the whole arm. The sleeve may be puffed, but still the arm is in full evidence. At the wrist the fashion is to extend the sleeve so that it partly covers the hand still finds favor. On the upper part it is elongated in a leaf point, the sleeve being cut away on the underside. Another style is to cut the sleeve very long, and then divide the wrist portion into square tabs, finishing these under-side with a frill of plaited or gathered lace.—New York Post.

Dr. D. R. Rothrock, of New Berlin, Pa., does not hesitate to recommend Chamberlain's med cines. He says: "I have handled them for a year or more in my pharmacy and find them safe and reliable. My customers praise them very highly." No one who is troubled with rheumatism can use Chamberlain's Pain-Relief without praising it. The quick relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by Malville, the druggist, old post office corner, and C. W. Heister, 55 Public Square.

His One Idea.

Branson—Old Mr. Garlick completed a century this morning.

Hi Geer—How long did it take him?

Branson—Why a hundred years.

Great idea! What wheel did he ride?

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful swellings of the joints, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, calous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package free. Address, Allen S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

His Principles.

"You're for free silver, I see," remarked Branson, as he turned over his salary to the affable hold-up.

"Yes," responded the highwaymen: "I'm for free silver where there's no protection." And with a bland smile he backed into the darkness.—Puck

Absolutely Unassisted.

Mrs. Doolan—"Sure, thin, Mrs. O'Hara, your husban' must have died very suddenly."

Mrs. O'Hara—"Indade he did, Mrs. Doolan: and what makes me feel the worst is to think that the poor man died without the help of a doctor."—Comic Cuts

Mr. G. A. Stilson, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes, August 10th, 1891:

Olive Kidney Cure is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I, myself, am able to testify to its merits. My face to-day is the living picture of wealth, and Olive Kidney Cure has made it such. I had suffered twenty-seven years with the disease, and to-day I feel ten years younger than I did one year ago. I can obtain some wonderful certificates of its medical qualities. H. F. Vortkamp.

Penny Wise and Foolish

Are they who have not Foley's

Diarrhea and Colic Cure as a safe-

guard in the family? 25 and 50c.

H. F. Vortkamp.

## THE OLD HAND PRESS.

Burred and shattered,  
With ink all benignant,  
But it divines the power to humor and to please.  
Lived by the editor,  
Cursed by the creator,  
Rumbling and strumming—the old hand press.

None are the editors,  
Patient, neck crooked,  
Since the far day when it first saw the light.  
Age has but lengthened it,  
Lengthened, strengthened it,  
Made it a victor in many a fight.

Stars from their setting fall;  
Men the forgering all;  
Bans they may vanish and light may grow  
new.  
But still Gabriel's horn shall blow,  
Ages unborn shall know  
That's still in the business—the old hand press.

—Atlanta Constitution.

## TWO AND LOVE.

It was a moist, unpleasant day. The rain had begun immediately after breakfast, and now at 11 o'clock it looked like raining till the crack of doom. I had wandered up and down seeking congenial company and, finding none, had finally cast anchor in the billiard room, where I practiced the spot stroke.

I had made a break of nine and was beginning to feel more cheerful, when suddenly the door opened and Miss Anstruther appeared.

"Oh," she said, as she shut the door and stood with her hands behind her upon the handle, "I thought it was Mr. McDonald."

"It is a better—and a poorer—man," I said, resting my eye on the floor. "Do you want to find Mr. McDonald?"

"Yes—in it doesn't matter," said Miss Anstruther.

"Perhaps you can say it to me as well?" I suggested. Miss Anstruther thought a moment or two and then shook her head.

"No; I couldn't say it to you." It may have been my fancy, but I thought that Miss Anstruther blushed.

"Anyhow," I said cheerfully, "if it doesn't matter, you come and play billiards with me. I'm lonely."

"But I play very badly," said Miss Anstruther, doubtfully. "I don't think I ever played seriously."

"Well, this won't be serious," I said, selecting a light cue and chalking the tip. "Now, all you have to do is make your ball hit the red and go into a pocket, or put the red into a pocket—or both."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Anstruther, "what a lot to think about. There! What does that count?"

"One to me," I said, and missed an easy hazard.

"Why were you so funny last night?" said Miss Anstruther.

"I am never funny," I said; "serious, humorous, stupid—perhaps—but not funny."

Miss Anstruther aimed wildly. Her ball went twice round the table and hit nothing.

"How provoking!" she said. Then she lifted her chin and rested it on the tip of her cue.

"You know what I mean," she said. "Why did you leave me alone all the evening with Mr. McDonald?"

"Well," I said, "I was talking—let me say—to Miss Bates."

"You found her amazing?"

"Not amusing. Better—pretty."

"Oh, you couldn't call her pretty. Nice, but—"

"Decidedly pretty—in her way. Now—you are plain, aren't you?" I said, seeing a likely customer.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Anstruther coldly.

"I mean—I'm playing with spot. By Jove!" I exclaimed as I turned away in disgust, after missing the cannon. "The m—t is."

"Whom?" asked Miss Anstruther.

"Mr. McDonald, walking up and down in the garden, smoking a cigar, in the rain. Shall I whist him in?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Anstruther.

"Why not?" I asked, facing round toward her. "I thought you wanted to see him."

"Oh, there's no hurry—no immediate hurry," she said. "He doesn't leave till this afternoon."

"I thought it might be something important," I said.

"It is important," said Miss Anstruther. "Oh, you are horrid!" she continued, stamping her foot. "You know quite well what—I shouldn't tell you, should I?"

"But you haven't told me," I said consolingly.

"Oh, but you can guess," said Miss Anstruther, shaking her head. "You must have noticed—something. And I've no right to say anything about it."

I paused judicially.

"It seems," I said after an appropriate interval, "quite a suitable arrangement. Mr. McDonald is very wealthy."

"Yes," said Miss Anstruther reflectively. "he has money. But, then, so have I."

"That is what makes it so suitable," I said.

"But," said Miss Anstruther, lifting her eyebrows pathetically, "he—well—"

"That is true," I said. "But we all have our faults. And poverty's the worst of them."

"I don't think so," said Miss Anstruther quickly.

"Mrs. Anstruther thinks so," I replied.

"Yes, of course, you could see mamma wanted"— Miss Anstruther tapped the floor with her foot.

I turned to the window and watched Mr. McDonald walking up and down in the rain.

"It happened last night," she said suddenly, "when you were—"

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, you knew!"

"Your engagement?"

"I am not engaged."

"Not engaged? Then what are you taking about?"

"You are stupid. Don't you understand? That's what I have to decide—tell Mr. McDonald this morning—before he goes away. Oh, I oughtn't to

tell you all this. But you made me, you know. And I think you might help me."

"I would wish pleasure, if I only had."

"What should a girl do when her mother wants her to—? I know—and the man is?"

"Pish!" I suggested.

"Yes, and like that?" Miss Anstruther looked toward the window.

"It's a difficult question," I said, "a very difficult question. As you have asked me to advise you—well—do you love him?"

"You may put that aside," said Miss Anstruther with a sweep of her hand.

"That simplifies matters," I said.

"Then there comes the question of moral duty. You see, a parent judges in these matters with less—I mean with greater freedom from—personal feeling."

"But," objected Miss Anstruther, "it is a very personal matter, isn't it? Besides, I am sure mamma would never want me to—marry any one whom she thought I didn't really—I didn't or, I mean, if I"—

I shook my head gravely.

"You must really be frank with me, if I am to advise you profitably," I said.

"If I really cared for some one else," said Miss Anstruther, very softly.

"Ah—there's some one else?"

Miss Anstruther nodded.

"Who doesn't care for you?"

"Oh, yes, he does," said Miss Anstruther quickly, raising her eyes for a moment to mine, and then dropping them again.

I was just addressing my mind to this fresh complication, when Miss Anstruther jumped up.

"Oh, but we are not playing," she said.

"It is," I said, with a sigh, for I should have preferred to follow out the subject. "But, excuse me, you won't do it that way, and if you hold your cue like that you'll dig a hole in the cloth."

I went round the table to where Miss Anstruther was standing.

"Keep quite still and I'll show you."

I said. I placed her hand in the right position at the butt end of the cue, and, holding it there, showed her how to make a proper bridge with the left hand and slide the cue smoothly and horizontally over it.

"Now," I said, still retaining a guiding hand on the cue, "if you aim so, you'll get the pocket—unless the balls kiss."

Naturally I was compelled to stand very close to Miss Anstruther during this object lesson—so close that the curl that nestled round her left ear tickled my lips as my breath stirred it.

Miss Anstruther made her stroke. It was a ridiculous stroke.

"Were you really going for the pocket?" I asked.

"I think," said she, turning and facing me, "the kiss spoiled it."

Miss Anstruther was strangely agitated over her failure. Thinking it best to change the subject from billiards I said:

"Tell me, what are you going to say to Mr. McDonald?"

"We're, as I have said, of necessary close ties there, and Miss Anstruther dropped her eyes.

"I am going to tell him," she said, "that I don't care for him—not in that way—and—"

"And that's what you meant when you said just now that—that—you couldn't say it to me."

Miss Anstruther's attention was fixed upon the toe of her right shoe, which she was tapping with the butt end of her cue. Mine was concentrated on Miss Anstruther's decayed eyelids. Consequently neither of us heard the door open.

"Hello! Playing?" said Mr. McDonald, walking round toward the snarling board.

"The game," I said, looking up, "is—let me see—two and love. Isn't it, Miss Anstruther?"

Miss Anstruther looked quickly at Mr. McDonald and then at me.

"Yes," she said.

"I'm lost forever," said Mr. McDonald, going out and slamming the door.

"I hope so," I said as I turned again to Miss Anstruther.—Black and White.

—Wanted to See It.

The Washington Post prints a story told by Cong. Sam Pitt. It happened when his father was sheriff of an Illinois county. There had been a murder, and in due course of time the guilty man was to adorn the waiting scaffold. Great pressure had been brought to bear to induce the governor to commute the man's sentence. That official had made up his mind to exercise executive clemency, but foreseeing a splendid opportunity to address a large concourse of his constituents in the interest of his re-election, he concluded to go to the scene of the hanging, make a speech while the preparations were going on, and at the last moment stop the execution.

An enormous crowd of spectators was gathered on the fatal day, and while the poor wretch was being made ready for the drop the governor mounted a platform and began his harangue. Some one, not knowing what was in the governor's mind, began to circulate a petition in the crowd, praying that the criminal be reprieved. Many signed it, and in passing it from hand to hand it came to a gawky country boy who had been married that day and had brought his wife to the hanging to see the fun. He pondered deeply over the question whether to sign it or not, when the bride decided his course by breaking in. "Don't sign that 'ar paper, Renion, we've come all the way to see the hangin', and if you put yer name down we won't see it."

It was a very wise looking dog, with long hair, which all but hid two

## THE - POSTOFFICE

May be the biggest trade in town, but as we claim to have always been next to the postoffice (next door) it was fitting that, the latter having vacated its old quarters, we should take possession. So that's what we did, and that's

## OFFICIAL NOTICE

It is printed so that everybody may know it. It is important that you should know where to find us, for it wouldn't do to have people dropping dead in the street, not knowing where to find us, when we have a whole store full of medicines, with which we gladly save all the lives we can. So, henceforth,

## IF HAVING THE MATTER WITH YOU, GO TO THE POSTOFFICE.

The old postoffice, of course, not the new. There is the future, as in the past, you may feel sure your prescriptions will always be carefully compounded, and at reasonable prices.

See our splendid new line of Fine Perfumes.

WM. M MELVILLE,  
THE DRUGGIST.

OLD POSTOFFICE CORNER.

## SHIRT WAISTS

TO-MORROW!

50c Waists for 39c.

\$1.00 Waists for 49c.

\$1.50 Waists for 69c.

\$1.75 Waists for 89c.

Don't wait until evening. Come during the day, the morning if possible, as the line of sizes will probably be broken before evening.

## CARROLL &amp; COONEY.

## THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT.

Wednesday are the guests of friends in the city.

W. C. Lawrence, of Van Wert, who has been here attending the races returned home this morning.

Mrs. J. S. Smith and children have gone to Zanesville, Ohio, her former home, for an extended visit.

Frank Deitrick, Jr., has gone to Denver, Col., to interest himself with his uncle, R. B. Brockett, in the mining business.

Mrs. E. R. Callahan, of South Main street, and daughter, Mrs. Bonnett of Columbus, O., left yesterday to visit relatives in Van Wert.

Mrs. J. F. Timmons and daughter Edith, of Celina, were the guests of Mrs. J. H. Beam, of South Main street, on Monday and Tuesday.

## STREET TALK.

W. K. Copenhaver, of 1032 West Spring street, was tendered an old fashioned surprise party on Tuesday evening by thirty of his friends who assembled at his home during his absence. The evening was spent in vocal and instrumental music and an elegant supper was served. Those present were Mrs. R. H. Staples and daughter, Miss Pearl, and son, Henry Mrs. Geo. Pollock, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Place and son, Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wilson, Mrs. Oatman and daughter, Nora, Mrs. Mack Webb, Mr. and Mrs. A. Budgett, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mon Holton, Mr. and Mrs. John Heron, Mrs. Simon Drew, John Maxwell and many others. Mr. Copenhaver was presented with a handsome diamond star pin by his mother-in-law, Mrs. R. H. Staples.

## Toweling

Large checked toweling, just come at BLUEN'S. It's just what you have been looking for to cover pillows.

## HOTLY CONTESTED

Were Seventeen Heats in Yesterday's Races

## SOME VERY FAST TIME

The Crowd Wild with Excitement over the Last Race - Satin Slippers was a Winning Favorite - Big Crowd Present.

The races yesterday were the most exciting ones of the meet, thus far. The day was as ideal one, and the track was in a fast condition. A very large crowd passed through the gates, and the grand stand was crowded.

Many ladies were present and a large number of Lima's citizens attended in carriages. The races were well filled, and with the exception of one or two, were intensely interesting and exciting. The favorites were not always the winners. The 2:19 trot was a stubborn contest between Satin Slippers, a pretty black horse, and Nannie, a large gray horse. No better acting horse has been seen on the track than Satin Slippers, who was a general favorite with the crowd.

The 2:12 trot was the race that caused the most interest among the crowd. The people fairly went wild as the horses finished in each heat. Attraction showed himself powerful in each dash and had he not broken in the last heat, he would have won the race. Several lines were imposed on drivers for not scoring according to orders, and the driver of Attraction was fined \$2.50 for swearing at another driver. The Association was pleased with yesterday's races and the large attendance.

2:19 TROT.

In the third heat of the postponed race, Nannie, the gray horse, went to the front and led to the finish. Satin Slippers broke and finished second, with Willow third.

The fourth heat was an interesting race and was coursed in fast time and the gray horse came within 1/2 of a second of equaling the track record. Satin Slippers came second with Almontine third.

In the fifth heat the horses started the first time they came up. Nannie, the gray horse, took the lead. She broke at the quarter pole but quickly regained her feet. She has a peculiar gait. Her driver urged her but was unable to recover the distance lost and came in second a length and a half behind Almontine, finished third and Willow fourth. The money was divided as the heat was trotted.

2:30 PACE.

The last heat of the postponed race was finished yesterday, and was void of much interest. Myrtle French walked away from the field and came under the wire at an easy gait.

2:24 RACE.

The 2:24 race brought forth eleven horses, and after scoring twice, they were started. Frank Fox and Red Bird sold as favorites, but in the first heat were not able to gain a lead. Magna Medium drew the pole. Cliffmont took the lead at the start, and held it all the way around, and won by two lengths. The dog was placed at 150 yards, and cut off Asa S. The other horses finished as follows: Albert Allen followed closely for second and Robert F. came third.

The horses got off fairly well in the second heat. Lenora led the first half, but dropped back. This was an exceedingly exciting contest and six horses came under the wire close together. Everyone was driving hard for a place. Lenora was a close second 100 feet from the wire but was pocketed and could finish no better than fourth. Calmo came in second and Robert F. third.

For a time in the third heat it seemed almost any one's race until the three quarter pole, when Red Bird forged to the front and came in an easy winner. Lenora led the first eight with five leading horses struggling hard for the lead. Cliffmont was placed second and Calmo third.

The fourth heat was won by Red Bird, which finished the race. Cliffmont with a wonderful spurt made a desperate effort to reach the wire first but was a trifle slow and came in second. Red Bird was given first money. Cliffmont second, Calmo third and Albert Allen fourth.

2:25 TROT.

Seven horses were called for the 2:25 trot, Proctor, W. Phibert and Maud W. having been drawn.

Piloteen sold favorite and proved an easy winner in three straight heats. Lillian S was also a favorite with many. In the first turn she broke and fell to the rear. She made a gallant finish, but had too much to gain, and finished fourth. Leetel came second and Oliver West third.

The second heat ended the same as the first. Piloteen dropped to the front and maintained the place to the finish. The contest seemed to be between Oliver West and Lillian S for second place. Lillian S made Piloteen drive for the honors.

The third heat was in the same order as the other two. Piloteen came under the wire in a walk, winning the heat and race. Lillian S during the entire course, acted badly, and ran the greater part of the distance. Oliver West was given second money. Leetel third and Lillian S fourth.

2:12 TROT.

In the 2:12 trot, five horses started after scoring three times. Newcastle sold as favorite, but at no time

was in the race. Strontia had the pole, and led for an eighth when Fascination came to the front and led to the eighth pole, when Attraction began to move rapidly and passed her in the upper turn. He trotted well and won by a good distance. Queen Allah made a sprint to come second, leaving Newcastle third. The time was rather slow, being 2:12.

In the second heat, Queen Allah trotted to the front, but on the second lap she was passed by Newcastle. On the last turn Attraction made a terrific spurt, and as they entered the stretch all three were together. Attraction came to the front, but broke just before reaching the wire, and Newcastle was given the heat with Queen Allah third.

The first event at the L. C. C. races yesterday was a half mile open, paced by the Columbia tandem. The track was full of starters, and as usual, Barney Oldfield, of Toledo, jumped and caught the tandem at the start. The race was a fast one, and established a new half-mile competition record for the track. The finish was very close between McKeon, of Greenville, and Oldfield, but McKeon won first by a few inches. Oldfield was second, and Cummings, of Springfield, third. Time 1:03.

Event two was a tandem race between four members of the Fowler team, and it was not very interesting, being slower than the average mile ridden on the L. C. C. track on single wheels. On the finish, one team, of course, finished first, but when the time, 2:31, was announced, the spectators laughed.

Event three was a one mile handicap, for club members only. There were eight or nine starters, and Frank Price was the only scratch man. F. M. Keeton got a bad fall on the start and was badly disabled. When the finish was reached Orley Clutter, who had 120 yards start, made a phenomenal sprint and won first. Earl Bressler started from the thirty yard mark and finished second. Guy Folk, 140 yards, finished third. Time, 2:12.

Event four was the most exciting heat of the day. The gray horse led the first round. On the last turn they came all in a bunch. Attraction and Newcastle came down neck and neck with the people loudly cheering. Attraction won by a nose, which pleased the crowd intensely and gave the horse and its driver as they came back almost an ovation.

The fourth heat was the race that caused the most interest among the crowd. The people fairly went wild as the horses finished in each heat. Attraction showed himself powerful in each dash and had he not broken in the last heat, he would have won the race. Several lines were imposed on drivers for not scoring according to orders, and the driver of Attraction was fined \$2.50 for swearing at another driver. The Association was pleased with yesterday's races and the large attendance.

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At 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon the several societies that participated in the outing met and marched through the principle portions of the city and to the resort where the picnic was to be held. The parade was headed by Commander John Walsh, of the Knights of St. John, and the order of the parade was as follows:

St. Rose Cadet drum corps  
St. Rose Cadets in full uniform  
Knights of St. John in full dress uniform.

Members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians all wearing large straw hats.

Members of the Catholic Knights of America.

At the park everything was informal. A programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered and followed by excellent exhibition drills, given by the cadets and Knights of St. John. Then followed base ball games and boating and other amusements until 5 o'clock last evening.

The affair was a complete success, both socially and financially, and the Catholic Knights are to be congratulated.

The eighth and last event was the sextet exhibition. The big machine was brought out onto the track and after mounting the six men rode a mile to warm up and then went a fast mile, riding against time. They rode the distance in 1:17, which was

## FAST RIDING

And Good Races at the L. C. C. Track Last Evening

## A STATE RECORD BROKEN.

McKeon and Oldfield Win the Open Races. - The Sextet Exhibition - Orley Clutter Does Good Work, Winning Both Handicaps.

not as fast as Manager Douglas had promised they would go but it was pretty fast and the spectators dispersed, evidently satisfied at having seen the machine ridden.

The club realized enough money out of the receipts to pay all expenses but that was all.

## DIVORCE A FAILURE

Judge Robb Refuses to Grant Little Shaw a Divorce from Milton Shaw.

The divorce suit of Little Shaw against her husband Milton Shaw, which was begun yesterday in Judge Robb's court, was suddenly brought to a close this morning. A large number of witnesses from Detroit were examined and the case tried considerable interest. After the attorneys for the plaintiff had argued his case this morning Judge Robb dismissed the case without hearing the arguments from the defense and refused to grant the divorce, claiming the plaintiff made no case.

## ANDRAE RIDERS WON

They Won More Prizes at Yesterday's Races

Than all Other Lima Riders Combined. Winning \$80 Worth of Prizes. Two Firsts.

Mr. O. E. Clutter won first in the one mile handicap and two mile handicaps. In the one mile handicap Mr. Earl Bressler was second from the 30 yard mark, leading such men as Keeton from the 100 yard mark, Folk from the 150 yard mark. Clutter's time in the one mile handicap was 2:12, with Bressler one second behind.

Mr. Clutter also won first in the two mile handicap in the remarkable time of 4:31.

Again we have proven our title of selling the nearest perfected bicyc. e ever shown to the bicycle public. All we ask is a comparison with other wheels.

In our stock of second hand wheels can be found bargains - 96 or 98 patterns of Dayton, Columbus, or at most any other wheel sold. We have also succeeded in securing the services of a practical repair man from the bicycle factory at Middletown, Ohio. No delay when you have your work done at our place as well, it's a guarantee its right done.

W. E. RUPP,  
110 east Market street

## WHITE PARASOLS.

Summer Corsets.

-at-

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